THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPHIC VIEWS ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

No. 5.] *RICHMOND; SATURDAY, APRIL* 8, 1809. [VOL. I.

TERMS OF THE VISITOR.

To be neatly printed once a fortnight, on Saturday evening, in Demy Quarto, and delivered to Subscribers, residing in the City, in the same manner as the News-Papers.

Subscription *Two Dollars* per annum; One Dollar to be paid in advance, and the same sum at the end of every succeeding six months.

A handsome title-page, table of contents, and names of the Subscribers, will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR endeavors and my own being in some respects directed to the same objects, I think it probable we may mutually subserve each other's views; and should your opinion coincide with mine, you can signify it by permitting the Visitor to circulate the present letter amongst its friends.

The last twenty years of my life have been principally devoted to the service of the Ladies, and in the course of that time I have acquired considerable experience in the art of pleasing. Now as I cannot expect to retain my station in their good graces more than half a score years longer, and as I have the vanity to think that my loss, when it does happen, will be sensibly felt, I wish to alleviate the privation as much as possible, by transmitting to the rising generation of Beaux some of the secrets which have procured me the smiles of two successive generations of Belles.

I commenced my gallant career soon after leaving College, and when the useless attainments acquired there, were uppermost in my imagination. Inexperienced, as I then was, I frequently in conversation launched out on Classical and Scientific subjects; but the mortification of not being listened to, or of having my voice drowned in the fashionable clamor of those who were adepts in polite conversation, soon corrected my error. It was some time before I could acquire the accomplishment of joining in the discussions of fashionable topics; and still longer before I obtained a correct knowledge of the meanings of various quaint phrases, with which it was necessary to interlard and polish my sentences.---On my first attempts at polite conversation, my ignorance of fashionble jargon caused me to commit several blunders; but at length, by dint of observation, I succeeded in jabbering as fluently as any coxcomb in the circle.

I found considerable advantage resulted from learning to perform on the Violin; and on more occasions than one, have I contributed to the entertainment of a company of ladies, by playing a few tunes, when a dance was unexpectedly proposed, or when the fiddler had sacrified more freely at the shrine of Bacchus, than of Orpheus.

Another thing which was very conducive to my purpose, though rather a laborious undertaking, was, acquiring information of every event that was passing in the fashionable world. This comprehended a very large scope, and to relieve my memory from the retention of multitudinous circumstances, I had recourse to a common-place book, in which I noted down all the courtships and marriages that were talked of, including the concomitant circumstances of jiltings, elopements, duels, &c. I kept a correct diary of all the balls, parties, squeezes and routs that were (or were reported to be) intended, and noted the most remarkable occurrences that transpired at such assemblies: for instance, what sums of money were lost and won at cards by particular ladies, and whether the privation of their cash was borne with calmness or otherwise; with any other notable circumstances the occasion produced. In short my tablets would furnish materials for a history of the Ton, from its origin in our city, till the period of its perfectibility; and did it not interfere with my devotions to my fair friends, I should probably undertake the task of embodying and publishing my remarks.

The last mentioned portion of my avocations acquired me the favor of most of those unmarried ladies, whose youthful days were departed, and who being troubled with few cares of their own, kindly burthened themselves with the concerns of others. From their good will I found much advantage was to be derived---the fair fame of every member of the community being generally in their custody, the data with which I furnished them respecting others, exempted my own actions from their scrutinizing discussions.

Latterly I have experienced the severest shock that has befallen me in all my career and from which I am recovering slowly. It arose in this way---I had learned dancing in the old school when Reels and Country dances were in vogue and long before Cotillions were the Ton in Virginia. But in consequence of my not figuring in this fashionable dance, I am in a measure proscribed, and find myself superceded by a number of upstarts, whose qualifications are all comprised in a knowledge of the newest Cotillion figures---However, this consolation is left me, that when I meet one of my fair friends in the street, I have the honor to be recognized by her and pass in triumph the cotillion mongers, whose humble bow is stared at with a vacant look or quite unheeded. To remedy the evil completely, I am now attended an hour every morning by a dancing master, who flatters me that I shall soon attain unrivalled excellence, and from my assiduity in practising, I do not doubt the assertion.

I will communicate the remainder of my remarks hereafter, should you encourage it, and remain in the mean time,

Your very obedient Servant,

RICHARD HONEYCOMB.

FOR THE VISITOR.

APHORISMS.

IT is a vanity too common among us to be proud of the observation of strangers. We take wonder very gratuitously for admiration.

Too scrupulous a desire of avoiding censure destroys energy of character: as *laboring* to be prudent sometimes undermines sincerity.

The zest of novelty may occasionally rouse the languor of intense application: but if too often indulged will destroy it.

That factitious behaviour, falsely termed good-breeding, very happily supplies the deficiency of understanding.

The battles and processions, pourtrayed on the walls of palaces will there tell us who had excited revelry after retiring from slaughter; or dismissed pageantry in search of pleasure.

There are more men ruined than destroyed by war.

Cato lived happy without Fortune; and Socrates, in spite of her, died contented.

A man's actions are good, whenever, whilst acting he can consider himself as an instrument of the Deity.--Sir Charles Grandison's reply to the apology of a listener, who had secreted himself during his interview with Clementina, was, "Forgive *yourself* sir, I most heartily forgive you; and remember, that he who always considers himself under the all-seeing eye will never be afraid of a fellow-creature's ear."

Charity is a virtue of too divine a nature for human aggrandizement; and ought never to be cooled by insinuations unworthy of its principles.

There is little lasting Fame to be gained by adventitious praise; it too often deceives us; inflates vanity and misleads judgment.

We ought especially to encourage young minds in the improvement of morality, and the cultivation of the arts: the one is a fund of happiness to themselves, the other transmits a legacy to posterity.

It is a pitiable circumstance that experience is left to exercise itself more in reflection than action.

Z.

HENRY FITZOWEN.

A TALE.

(Continued from our laſt.)

Having thus reſumed his wonted fortitude and reſolution, he held a parley with himſelf, and perceiving no way by which he could eſcape, boldly reſolved to brave all the terrors of the ſtaircaſe, and, once more recommending himſelf to his Maker, began to aſcend: the light ſtill flaſhed, enabling him to climb thoſe parts which were broken or decayed. He had proceeded in this manner a conſiderable way, mounting, as he ſuppoſed, to the ſummit of the keep, when ſuddenly a ſhrill and agonizing ſhriek iſſued from the upper part of it, and ſomething rudely bruſhing down graſped him with tremendous ſtrength; in a moment he became motionleſs and cold as ice, and felt himſelf hurried back by ſome irreſiſtible being; but, juſt as he had reached the vault, a ſpectre of ſo dreadful a ſhape ſtalked by within it, that, ſtraining every muſcle, he ſprang from the deadly graſp: the iron door ruſhed in thunder upon its hinges, and a deep hollow groan reſounded from beneath. No ſooner had the door cloſed, than yelling ſcreams, and ſounds which almoſt ſuſpended the very pulſe of life, iſſued from the vault, as if a troop of helliſh furies, with their chains untied, were daſhing them in frenzy, and howling to the uproar. Henry ſtood fixed in horror, a deadly fear ran through every vein, and the throbbing of his heart oppreſſed him: the tumult, however, at length ſubſiding, he recovered ſome portion of ſtrength, and immediately making uſe of it to convey himſelf as far as poſſible from the iron door, preſently reached his former elevation on the ſtaircaſe, which, after aſcending a few more ſteps, terminated in a winding gallery.

The light, which had hitherto flaſhed inceſſantly, now diſappeared, and he was left in almoſt total darkneſs, except when, now and then, the moon threw a few cool rays through ſome ſhattered loop-hole, heightening the horror of the ſcene. He felt reluctant to proceed, and looked back with apprehenſion leſt ſome yelling fiend ſhould again plunge him into the vault. A mournful wind howled through the apartments of the caſtle, and liſtening, he thought he heard the iron door grate upon its hinges; he ſtarted with terror, the ſweat ſtood in big drops upon his forehead, and he ruſhed forward with deſperate diſpair, till having turned a corner of the gallery, a taper, burning with a faint light, gleamed through a narrow dark paſſage; approaching the ſpot whence it ſtreamed, he perceived it aroſe from an extenſive room, the folding doors of which were wide open; he entered; a ſmall taper in a maſſy ſilver candleſtick ſtood upon a table in the middle of the room, but gave ſo inconſiderable an illumination, that one end was wrapped in palpable darkneſs, and the other ſcarcely broken in upon by a dim light that glimmered through a large ramified window covered with thick ivy. An arm chair, ſhattered and damp with age, was placed near the table, and the remains of a recent fire were ſtill viſible in the grate. The wainſcot of black oak, had formerly been hung with tapeſtry, and ſeveral portions ſtill clung to thoſe parts which were near the fire; they poſſeſſed ſome vivacity of tint, and, with much gilding yet apparent on the chimney-piece, and several mouldering reliques of coſtly frames and paintings, gave indiſputable evidence of the ancient grandeur of the place. Henry cloſed the folding doors, and, taking the taper, was about to ſurvey the room, when a half ſtifled groan from the dark end of it ſmote cold upon his heart, at the ſame time the ſound as if ſomething falling with a dead weight, echoed through the room, and a bell tolled deep and hollow from the tower above. He replaced the taper, the flame of which was agitated; now quivering, ſunk, now ſtreaming, flamed aloft, and as the laſt pale portion died away, the ſcarce diſtinguiſhed form of ſome terrific being floated ſlowly by, and again another dreadful groan ran deepening through the gloom, and the bell ſwung ſolemn from the keep. Henry ſtood for ſometime incapable of motion; at length ſummoning all his fortitude, he advanced with his ſword extended to the darkeſt part of the room; inſtantly burſt forth in fierce irradiations a blue ſulphereous ſplendour, and the mangled body of a man diſtorted with the agony of death, his every fibre racked with convulſion, his beard and hair ſtiff and matted with blood, his mouth open, and his eyes protruding from their ſockets, ruſhed upon his maddening ſenſes; he ſtarted, uttering a wild ſhriek, and hurrying he knew not whither, burſt through the folding doors.

Darkneſs again ſpread her ſable pall over the unfortunate Fitzowen, and he trode along the narrow paſſage with a feeble and a faultering ſtep. His intellect ſhook, and overwhelmed by the late appalling objects, had not yet recovered any degree of recollection; and he wandered, as in a dream, a confuſed train of horrible ideas paſſing unconnected through his mind; at length, however, memory reſumed her function, reſumed it but to daunt him with harrowing ſuggeſtions; the direful horrors of the room behind, and of the vault below, were ſtill preſent to his eyes, and, as a man whom helliſh fiends had frightened, he ſtood trembling, pale and ſtaring wild. All was now once more ſilent and dark, and he determined to wait in this ſpot the dawn of day, but a few minutes had ſcarce elapſed, when the iron door ſcreaming on its hinges, bellowed through the murmering ruin. Henry nearly fainted at the ſound, which, pauſing for ſome time, again ſwelled upon the wind, and at laſt died away in ſhrill melancholy ſhrieks; again all was ſilent, and again the ſame fearful noiſe ſtruck terror to his ſoul. Whilſt his mind was thus agitated with horror and apprehenſion, a feeble light ſtreaming from behind, accompanied with a ſoft, quick, and hollow tread, convinced him that ſomething was purſuing and ſtruck with wildering fear, he ruſhed unconscious down the ſteps; the vault received him, and its portals ſwinging to their cloſe, ſounded as the ſentence of death. A dun fetid vapour filled the place, in the centre of which aroſe a faint and bickering flame. Fitzowen approached, and beheld a corpſe ſuſpended over it by the neck, whilſt the flame flaſhing through the vault, gleamed on a throng of hideous and ghaſtly features that came forward through the ſmoke. With the deſperate valour of a man who ſees deſtruction before him, he ran furiouſly forward; an univerſal ſhriek burſt forth, and the fire, riſing with tenfold brilliance, placed full in view the dreadful form of his infernal guide, dilated into horror itſelf; her face was pale as death, her eyes were wide open, dead, and fixed, a horrible grin ſate upon her features, her lips black and tumid were drawn back, diſcloſing a ſet of large blue teeth, and her hair, ſtanding ſtiffly erect, was of a withered red.

Fitzowen felt his blood freeze within him; his limbs became enervated, and at this moment when reſiſtance on his part appeared almoſt impoſſible, a door burſt open at the extremity of the vault, in ruſhed the form of Walleran, who wielding a battle-axe, aimed a blow at Henry, that, ſituated as he then was, and rendered torpid through the influence of preternatural agency, he conceived would be effectual for his deſtruction. In this, however, he was, fatally for himſelf, miſtaken, for no ſooner was he perceived, than the effect of the enchantment ceaſed; indignation ſwelling at the heart of Henry, impelled the lingering fluid, his cheek fluſhed with the crimſon tide, his limbs recovered their elaſticity and tone, and avoiding with active vigour the death that was intended him, he ſheathed his falchion in the breaſt of his opponent, who, having waſted his impetuous ſtrength upon the air, had thus expoſed himſelf to inſtant ruin.

Walleran dropt lifeleſs on the ground, and the dreadful appearances in the vault, the fire, and all its apparatus, immediately vaniſhed, whilſt loud howlings and lamentations were heard at a diſtance in the air. A profound ſilence, however, now enſued throughout the caſtle, and Henry, by the light of the moon, as it ſtreamed through the grated window, beheld at his feet the bleeding corpſe of his antagoniſt. Starting from the contemplation of his fallen enemy, he reſolved to explore the ruins in ſearch of Adeline, of whoſe concealment in ſome part of the building, he entertained not the ſmalleſt doubt, and, apprehenſive now of little oppoſition, he once more attempted thoſe ſtairs, in aſcending which he had formerly encountered ſo many terrors. He reached the gallery without any interruption, and paſſing through the folding doors into the apartments already deſcribed, diſcovered at one end, and on the very ſpot where he had beheld the tremendous viſion of the agonizing wretch, a narrow, winding, and arched paſſage, and which, taking a circular direction, probably paſſed into the oppoſite portion of the great tower. Here he entered, but had not proceeded far before the ſound as of ſoft and very diſtant muſic reached his ear; and ſhortly afterward was diſtinctly heard the murmur of falling water. Sounds ſuch as theſe, and in ſuch a place, greatly ſurpriſed him, and haſtening forward to aſcertain from what quarter they originated, he found himſelf ſuddenly immerſed in a very cold and damp vapour, whoſe denſity was ſuch, that for a ſhort time it totally ſuffocated the ſmalleſt ray of light; in a few minntes, however it began in ſome meaſure to clear away, accompanied with a whiſpering noiſe, whilſt vaſt eddies and guſts of thin vapour paſſed him with a whirling motion. He now perceived himſelf in a kind of large cavern whoſe ſides were of unhewn, ſtone, and from the roof were pendent numbers of beautiful ſtalactites from whoſe points fell, at intervals, with a tinckling ſound, large drops of water, whilſt the dying notes of diſtant harps, the gurgling of obſtructed currents, and the ſighings of the reſtleſs vapour, formed a harmony ſo ſingular, yet ſo ſoothing, that when united to the ſurround-

ing chill and torpid atmoſphere, ſeemed calculated to inſpire the moſt profound repoſe. Fitzowen now advanced a little further into the cavity, and, through the chaſms of the ever fluctuating miſt, diſcerned, hanging from the centre of the roof, a vaſt globe, which emitted rays of the paleſt hue, and which, in paſſing through the turbid vapour, ſhed a kind of twilight.

(To be Concluded in our next)

Aſſembly rooms are not the places of all others, in which the *Ladies* may be ſtudied to moſt advantage. One cannot learn half ſo much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as by converſing with her at home, where one can obſerve her behaviour at the table, at the fire-ſide, and all the trying circumſtances of domeſtic life. We are all good when we are pleaſed, but ſhe is the good woman who wants not a fiddle to ſweeten her.

An Account of the Production of a large Iſland out of the Sea, between the Canary Iſlands, in the year 1707.—By Mr. James Harris, Surgeon of an Engliſh ſhip; who was then upon the neighboring iſland of Santerini.

In the evening of the 22d of May, in the year 1707, the ſea in general being very calm, the air ſerene, not a cloud in the ſky, and ſcarce a breath of air ſtirring; there appeared a particular part of the ſurface of the water, near the greater Canary Iſland, to be in a very ſtrange and unuſual motion. It was not like that of the ſea in a ſtorm; but a riſing up of vaſt maſſes of water to a prodigious height, with a violent foaming and frothing, while the ſea was perfectly ſtill all round.

This occaſioned various conjectures in people's minds, and continued till we could no longer ſee ſo far, for night coming on. In the morning of the 23d, every body was up by day-break to look again; but we could now diſcover no motion in the water. As it grew lighter, however, we could ſee plainly a large bulk of a veſſel, as we thought floating bottom upwards, juſt in the ſame place. The ſea-faring people immediately manned their boats, and went off to ſeek for plunder, and we returned to our homes. About ten in the morning we were all in an uproar again; for one of the boats come back, and ſaid it was a new rock, juſt ſprung out of the ſea. We gave no credit to this at firſt, but in an hour after all the other boats returned, and all brought the ſame ſtory. All this day we continued looking, but could diſcover nothing particular.

On the twenty-fourth, I went aboard a ſmall boat, and rowed to the place. I found it a little iſland, made up of cinders of pumice ſtones and the like matter, and ventured to get upon it. It bore me very well, but I ſoon found it was moving about; and as I kept my eye on the larger Cameny, I could perceive it moved from that and came nearer the leſſer Cameny; and while I was upon it, it grew much larger than before. Obſerving this, and feeling the ground a little hotter than when I firſt landed, I pulled in my boat by a cord I held it by, and jumped in. I went to the leſſer Cameny to ſee what would follow, and was not a little glad I was got away in ſafety.

I could here ſee it riſe higher and increaſe in ſize very faſt; and notwithſtanding my cautioning them to the contrary, ſeveral perſons in large boats this afternoon landed on the new iſland; and after walking all over it, went away in ſafety. On my return to Santerini, I found there had been felt a ſlight ſhock of an earthquake, which alarmed people very much. On the 16th, 19th, and 21ſt days of the ſame month there had alſo been ſlight ſhocks; but they were not much regarded till that to day, which together with the appearance of the iſland, now frightened every body. Next day, however, there was no more ſhocks, nor did the iſland any longer increaſe in bulk, as it had before had been plainly ſeen to do.

On the 26th, 27th, 28th & 29th, all was ſafe & quiet, & the iſland had no increaſe: the day following there was a ſlight ſhock, but no more; all was again quiet, and the iſland continued to grow up and riſe more and more, but by very ſlow degrees; and at length all our apprehenſions vaniſhed, the whole ſeeming at a ſtand, and the iſland to have its full growth.

Matters ſtood thus, till the 10th of July; on which day I was upon the iſland, with ſeveral other perſons. The earth was cold, the ſea calm, and all things perfectly quiet. I took this day the meaſure of the circumference of the iſland, which was one mile wanting three furlongs. The ſhore was all the way gradually ſhelving off, and the iſland all of a whitiſh grey color, and very uneven, being full of ſmall rough hillocks, and broken rocks. For two days more we thought ourſelves in the ſame ſecurity; but on the 12th at night we heard a roaring of the ſea that rouſed every body out of their ſleep. We were all up; but though the ſea made this noiſe and waſhed in monſtrous waves againſt the ſhore, there was all this while no wind ſtirring. Our terror now was not to be expreſſed; or how we wiſhed for day light.

As ſoon as day light appeared, nothing could make a more dreadful appearance than the ſhores of Santerini: the ſea was ruſhing in upon us, foaming and roaring, of a thouſand colours and mountains high, though there was ſcarce any wind. About ſeven o'clock this a little abated, and we might then ſee minerals of a thouſand ſorts were waſhed about among the waves, ſome natural, ſome plainly ſcorched and burnt, as they were thrown up out of the bottom of the earth.—About eight there was one prodigious roar of the ſea; it all roſe up in billows like mountains in an inſtant, all foaming and looking of a gold color: this ceaſed in a few minutes, and we then ſaw the occaſion of it; the whole ſhore was in a manner covered with lumps of brown, green, and yellow brimſtone, and the ſea ſeemed full of it. All this while the calmeſt moments gave us no ſight of the new iſland; and we concluded it was ſwallowed up again.

Half an hour before noon, another dreadful ſwelling of the ſea came on, much more terrible than before. A vaſt quantity of brimſtone was again thrown up; and a ſmell of ſulphur ſo ſtrong, that we could ſcarce breathe, attended with a heat very exceſſive: the ſhore was, in a moment after, covered with dead fiſh of vaſt ſizes. We all now fell down to pray, expecting that we ſhould be ſwallowed up in a lake of fire, every moment, by the earth opening under our feet.

This day we either felt ſeveral ſhocks of an earthquake, or elſe our fears made us think we did. I profeſs my own terror was ſuch, that I could not diſtinguiſh which of theſe was the caſe. On the 13th, the immenſe riſing of the ſea decreaſed, and we got ſight again of our new iſland, which was no way altered: the ſea, though calmer than before, now bubbled up as high as a ſmall houſe in ſome places: this and the ſtench and heat continued, though in a more remiſs degree, for three days.

Cuſtom had now made this leſs terrible to us; but on the 16th, at ſeven in the evening, we were alarmed again; and called down to the ſhore by ſome perſons who brought us word, that the earth was riſing out of the ſea in another place. We all ran to the ſhore, and our terror and aſtoniſhment, ſaw a ridge of tall and ragged rocks riſe gradually, one or two at a time, between the new iſland and the leſſer Cameny: there aroſe at length twenty-ſix of theſe, which now joined the new iſland to that land.

On the 17th, when we aroſe, we found theſe rocks increaſed in number; and many of them four times as large as before: the leſſer Cameny and the new iſland were now one land. On the 18th, which was Sunday, the people were gazing betimes in the morning at this new prodigy. But, what was our terror now, to behold the new iſland ſhake the newly riſen rocks; many of which fell down again into the ſea; and a dreadful murmuring was heard under ground, as if at a vaſt depth and diſtance. Afterwards it grew much louder, and ended in a crack like that of thunder. We all now looked towards the new iſland; and ſaw a thick black ſmoke riſe in a prodigious volume in the middle of it: the noiſe was ſoon after repeated louder than before, and the ſmoke increaſed upon it.

We now all gave ourſelves up for loſt, expecting to ſee fire every moment, and that we ſhould be deſtroyed by it: toward the evening of this day, as we were looking at the ſmoke, the laſt formed rocks ſeparated themſelves with a dreadful noiſe from the new iſland, and the leſſer Cameny, and approaching one another, met with a horrid crack, a noiſe not to be deſcribed or conceived by any but thoſe who heard it, and formed a ſecond iſland: the ſmoke now daily increaſed, and at length, on the 11th in the night, the fire appeared: this was preceded by no ſhock, and came on gradually; and day light appearing, it faded, and was not diſtinguiſhable among the ſmoke. We, who had ſeen it in the night, could indeed diſcern it; but the reſt, who had not been up, would not believe it, nor could at all ſee the fire. At night, however, all were convinced we had told them the truth, the fire now might be ſeen too plainly: and ſure nature never afforded ſo terrible a proſpect: the whole iſland was covered with flames; yet theſe did not break up all over the ſurface, but in vaſt maſſes and pillars of flame in different places; ſome of theſe were fiery red, and ſome white, and others all blue.

This night and the next morning all grew more terrible than before; the boiling of the ſea continued, and grew doubly violent; and moſt terrible roarings were heard from its bottom. Whole ſheets of fire fell into

the ſea at once, with terrible noiſes, and the iſland roſe and increaſed in bulk at every ſhock. Now we began to feel the moſt terrible effects of this eruption: the earth trembled under our feet; noiſes more loud and dreadful than thunder burſt continually on our ears: the ſea foamed with brimſtone, and a thouſand other ſtrange productions; and the ſtench of the ſulphur grew more and more violent. One vaſt burſt was now heard, and the new iſland was ſeen to be covered with blue fire, and to riſe perpendicularly a great height, and ſink again ſeveral times; and at length came a ſecond burſt. What was the effect of this on the iſland we know not; for we felt a ſcorching heat, and were all ſtruck down, the ſmell of ſulphur being now ſuch, that there was no breathing. We all gave ourſelves over for loſt, and how we eſcaped I know not; for when we came to look about us, all our trees had their leaves turned yellow; and all the fruit in the iſland was burnt up and deſtroyed, and our clothes and every thing elſe covered with grey duſt, ſmelling ſtrongly of brimſtone.

We were awaked from our horrors a few hours afterwards by new, and, if poſſible, ſtill greater terrors. A noiſe like the diſcharge of a thouſand cannon at once was heard. A dreadful burſt of flame was ſeen from the midſt of the iſland; and immediately after a thick pillar of dreadful black ſmoke; and from the midſt of this, there were toſſed up into the air multitudes of red hot ſtones of vaſt ſizes:---theſe were carried up to ſuch a height, that our eyes could ſcarcely follow; and ſoon after deſcended again more ſwiftly, and fell red hot and hiſſing into the ſea. Some fell very near our ſhores; and many at vaſt diſtances another way.

A continual repetition of this was now the caſe every day for three weeks: the heat became ſcarce ſupportable, and we were fainting with the ſmell; and expecting every moment to be buried under loads of theſe burning ruins: the whole new iſland was now frequently covered with them; & ſeemed one vaſt bed of red hot iron. Sometimes clouds of aſhes were toſſed up, and when the wind ſet towards us, fell on our ſhores, and covered them with ſheets of fire:---the laſt ſhock, which was not till the middle of Auguſt, threw up a whole rock, of an immenſe ſize, into the air, which fell with a roaring not to be conceived, into the ſea. This gave a large vent to the fire, which now blazed at that hole, and to a vaſt height; and now the iſlands by degres approached one another, and finally joined firmly together, and became one land.

In the beginning of September the fire abated, the noiſe became leſs violent, and all continued to mend. The ſmoke, however, and ſome fire, continued inceſſantly, during all the months of October, November, and December. In January all ſeemed quiet; and in the middle of that month, a boat went of with four people, who were hardy enough to intend to land upon it; but they all periſhed; the heat of the water, as they approached the iſland, melting off the pitch of the boat, and letting in water at every part at once. We dare not go near to take its dimenſions; but at this time January 23, it ſeems about three quarters of a mile long, and ſtands with a very high ſhore from the ſea.

NARRATIVE

Of the Eſcape of the Counteſs Valois De La Motte out of the Baſtile.

The Counteſs is perhaps the firſt and only priſoner who ever could find the way out of that place of confinement. The peculiar conſtruction of the building, the number of gates, and the multitude of guards always on the watch, precluded all poſſibility of a return to the world. But what cannot be effected with the aſſiſtance of friends in power, and of money?

For ſeveral months before, the Counteſs was in poſſeſſion of the neceſſary apparatus; but the private inſtructions ſhe received from time to time, and the daily expectation ſhe was in of receiving ſeveral papers indiſpenſible for her juſtification, obliged her to put off the much wiſhed-for event.

At laſt the happy day arrived, and ſhe gave the faithful Maria-Anne, her woman, every neceſſary inſtruction, not wiſhing to have her as a companion through the windings of the infernal labyrinth, leſt that perſon, being univerſally known, ſhould occaſion a fatal diſcovery. The Counteſs agreed upon a place of meeting, dreſſed herſelf in man's clothes, cut the front part of her hair in the ſhape uſually worn by jockies in Paris; and, thus equipped, her head buried as it were in a large round hat, half boots on her legs, and a ſmall ſwitch in her hand, ſhe boldy ventured forth, reſolved, and being armed for that purpoſe, to die rather than to be re-taken.

After having opened and ſhut after her ſeven different gates, ſhe at laſt reached an immenſe yard filled with ſiſters, ſo they call the female Cerberi of the place. She addreſſed herſelf to one of them, and diſguiſing both her voice and pronunciation, put a piece of gold into her hand, inquiring for her way to the Chapel, where ſhe arrived at laſt, after paying tolls at all the other gates. Leſt ſhe ſhould be known to ſome of the ſiſterhood, ſhe mixed as faſt as ſhe could with a numerous company of viſitors, then buſy in viewing what curioſities there were to be ſeen. With the whole group ſhe was conveyed by one of the ſiſters to the outward gate. There ſhe met her good Maria-Anne, took boat with her, and croſſed to the oppoſite ſhore.

Notwithſtanding her enfeebled ſtate, the Counteſs had ſtrength enough to walk as far as Charenton, above ſix miles: they then got into a cart, which carried them three leagues further. It was impoſſible, nay dangerous, for the two travellers to attempt getting a convenient carriage, and therefore they travelled again on foot the ſpace of twenty miles. Worn out with fatigue, their feet in a moſt deplorable condition, they were glad to put up at a miſerable public houſe on the road, and there reſt the whole night.

The next day they mounted a dung-cart, which was going four leagues up the country: there they met with ſome good-natured waggoners, who gave them a caſt: the Counteſs, being apprehenſive leſt ſhe ſhould be traced, and her dreſs deſcribed, bought, in the firſt place they ſtopped at, the ſimple dreſs of a country girl: the only remaining difficulty was to effect the transformation. For this purpoſe, ſhe left the town where ſhe had thus provided herſelf, walked on about three leagues, and then leaving the high road, retired behind a hill, and there changed her clothes, hiding amongſt the brambles her manly accoutrements. She then reſumed her pedeſtrian journey.

After numberleſs fatigues, and much anxiety, avoiding the large towns, putting up at the moſt wretched hovels, travelling ſometimes in carts, oftener on foot; compelled through the inhumanity of a publican, who would not open his door after twelve o'clock, to paſs a whole night on the naked earth in Colomby Foreſt, near Bar-ſuraube; ſhe at laſt reached the city of Luxemburgh; and from thence a ſmall village called Holriſh, where they remained ſix weeks, under the aſſumed name of Mademoiſelle de Dulain, at one Madame Chiltz's, who treated her in every reſpect with ſo much humanity, as for ever engaged her utmoſt gratitude.

No ſooner was the Count, her huſband, appriſed of her retreat, than he diſpatched after her a truſty perſon, to bring her over to London, where ſhe arrived on Saturday, the 4th of Auguſt, 1787.

PRECOCITY OF GENUIS.

While the conſtant labours and extenſive reſearches of eminent men deſerve our praiſe, the premature developement of genius excite both our admiration and aſtoniſhment. To ſee juvenile years graced with all the beauties of ſcience and learning, ſtrikes our mind as a ſingular phænomenon. Such phænomena however, have appeared, though to account for theſe extraordinary talents perhaps, is not eaſy. Whether all human ſouls be equal, ſo that their powers are only expanded or reſtrained according to corporeal organization, or whether they are different in their own nature, may perhaps be a matter of much controverſy. It is evident, however, that what has coſt many the labours of years, have been almoſt the firſt thoughts of others poſſeſſed of an early and fruitful genius. A few inſtances are here ſelected, which will perhaps afford ſome degree of entertainment to the reader.

Blaiſe Paſcal, one of the ſublimeſt geniuſes the world ever produced, was born at Clermont in Auvergne, in 1623. He never had any preceptor but his father. So great a turn had he for the mathematics, that he learned or rather invented geometry, when but twelve years old; for his father was unwilling to initiate him in that ſcience early, for fear of its diverting him from the ſtudy of the languages. At ſixteen he compoſed a curious mathematical piece. About nineteen he invented his machine of arithmetic, which has been much admired by the learned. He afterwards employed himſelf aſſiduouſly in making experiments according to the new philoſophy, & particularly improved upon thoſe of Toricellius. At the age of twenty-four his mind took a different turn; for, all at once, he became as great a devotee as any age has ever produced, and gave himſelf up entirely to prayer and mortification.

John Lewis Candiac, a premature genius, born at Candiac, in the dioceſe of Niſmes, in France, in 1719. In the cradle he diſtinguiſhed his letters; at thirteen months he knew them perfectly; at three years of age he read latin, either printed or in manuſcript; at four, he trans-

lated from that tongue ; at ſix, he read Greek and Hebrew ; was maſter of the principles of arithmetic, hiſtory, geography, heraldry, and the ſcience of medals ; and had read the beſt authors on almoſt every branch of literature. He died of a complication of diſorders, at Paris, 1726.

John Smeaton, born near Leeds, in 1724, was an eminent civil engineer. The ſtrength of his underſtanding, and the originality of his genius, appeared at an early age ; his playthings were not the playthings of children, but the tools which men employ ; and, he appeared to have greater entertainment in ſeeing the men in the neighborhood work, and in aſking them queſtions, than in any thing elſe. One day he was ſeen (to the diſtreſs of his friends) on the top of his father's barn, fixing up ſomething like a windmill ; another time he attended ſome men fixing a pump at a neighboring village, and obſerving them cut off a piece of bored pipe, he was ſo lucky as to procure it, and he actually made with it a working pump that raiſed water. This happened whilſt he was in petticoats, and moſt likely before he attained his ſixth year.

A STORY OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Branſtone, a reſpectable French author, relates, that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady, who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to obſerve an abſolute ſilence for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years ! during which ſpace it was thought, that by ſome accident or other he had loſt the uſe of his ſpeech. He happened one day to be at an aſſembly, where he met his miſtreſs, who was not known as ſuch, love being conducted in thoſe days in a more myſterious manner than at preſent. The lady boaſted ſhe could cure him inſtantly, and did it with a ſingle word, *Speak !*—What more could the Pythagorean philoſophy have done with all its parade and boaſting ? Is there a lady now that could depend upon ſo exact an obedience, even for only a ſingle day ? But the times of chivalry, in particular, afforded examples, almoſt incredible, of attachment carried even to adoration, which the knights and other military heroes of thoſe ages, conſtantly evinced for their miſtreſſes, to whom indeed they were, in the literal ſenſe of their amorous profeſſions—the devoted *ſlaves*.

SCENE FROM THE ROBBERS

Moor, the principal character, and Captain of a band of ferocious banditti, gifted by nature with every amiable, every generous propenſity, is plunged into a ſtate of abſolute miſanthropy & deſpair through the villainy of his neareſt relatives. Thus ſituated, he embraces the idea of fataliſm, and conceives himſelf deſtined to pour upon others the vengeance of an irritated God ; he indulges therefore a gloomy and terrible delight in the execution of what he deems his dreadful miſſion, believing, however, that for the puniſhment of his own ſins he is thus condemned to act a part that ſhall blaſt his name with infamy, and conſign his ſoul to hell. From ſuch a character the moſt excruciating remorſe might be expected, and the art of the poet is in no portion of the piece more exquiſitely diſplayed than in the following ſcene, where the employment of evening imagery will readily be acknowledged by every critic, powerfully to heighten the effect. An engagement has juſt terminated between the Bohemian Dragoons and the banditti, in which the latter proved victorious.

The Robbers ſtationed on a height, while their horſes are grazing on the declivity below.

Moor.---" I muſt reſt here. *(He throws himſelf on the ground.)*---My joints are ſhook aſunder ; my tongue cleaves to my mouth---dry as a poſtherd. I would beg of ſome of you to fetch me a little water in the hollow of your hand from yonder brook, but you are all weary to death. *(While he is ſpeaking, Switzer goes out unperceived, to fetch him water.)*

Grimm.---How glorious, how majeſtic, yonder ſetting ſun !

Moor.---*(Loſt in contemplation.)* 'Tis thus the hero falls ;---'tis thus he dies---in goodlike majeſty !

Grimm.---The light affects you, ſir.

Moor.---When I was yet a boy---a mere child---it was my favorite thought---my wiſh to live like him ! *(Pointing to the ſun.)* Like him to die. *(Suppreſſing his anguiſh,)* 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit !

Grimm.---It was ſo.

Moor.---*(Pulling his hat over his eyes.)* There was a time,---Leave me, my friends---alone.

Grimm.---Moor ! Moor ! 'Sdeath ! How his countenances changes !

Raſman.---Zounds ! what is the matter with him ?---Is he ill ?

Moor.---There was a time, when I could not go to ſleep, if I had forgotten my prayers !

Grimm.---Have you loſt your ſenſes ? What ; yet a ſchool-boy ! —'Twere fit indeed ſuch thoughts ſhould vex you !

Moor.---*(Reſting his head on Grimm's boſom.* Brother ! Brother !

Grimm.---Come, come---be not a child, I beg it of you.

Moor.---A child ! Oh, that I were a child once more !

Grimm.---Fy, fy ! Clear up that cloudy brow ! Look yonder, what a landſcape ! what a lovely evening !

Moor.---Ay, my friend ! that ſcene is ſo noble !---this world ſo beautiful !

Grimm.---Why, that's talking like a man.

Moor.---This earth ſo grand !

Grimm.---Well ſaid !---That's what I like !

Moor.---And I ſo hideous in this world of beauty---and I a monſter on this magnificent earth-- the prodigal ſon !

Grimm.---*(Affectionately.)* Moor ! Moor !

Moor.---My innocence ! O my innocence !---See how all nature expands at the ſweet breath of ſpring.---O God ! that this paradiſe---this heaven---ſhould be a hell to me !---When all is happineſs---all in the ſweet ſpirit of peace---the world one family --and its Father there above !---who is not my father ! I alone the outcaſt ; the prodigal ſon ! Of all the children of his mercy, I alone rejected ! *(Starting back with horror.)* The companion of murderers ; of viperous fiends ! bound down, enchained to guilt and horror !

Raſman.---'Tis inconceivable ! I never ſaw him thus moved before.

Moor---*(With great emotion.)* Oh ! that I could return once more into the womb that bare me ! that I hung an infant on the breaſt ! that I were born a beggar ; the meaneſt hind ; a peaſant of the field ! I would toil till the ſweat of blood dropt from my brow, to purchaſe the luxury of one ſound ſleep, the rapture of a ſingle tear !

Grimm.---*(To the reſt.)* Peace, O Peace ! the paroxyſm will ſoon be over.

Moor.---There was a time when I could weep with eaſe. O days of bliſs ! Manſion of my fathers ! O vales ſo green, ſo beautiful ! ſcenes of my infant years, enjoyed by fond enthuſiaſm ! will you no more return ? no more exhale your ſweets to cool this burning boſom ! Oh never, never ſhall they return---no more refreſh this boſom with the breath of peace. They are gone ! gone for ever !

There cannot be a nobler ſubject for a picture than the preceding ſcene :---the figure of Moor agitated by remorſe, yet characteriſed by a wild and terrible grandeur, ſurrounded by a ſet of banditti, ſavage as the beaſts of the deſert, and who are ſtationed on a rugged cliff contemplating the beauty of the ſetting ſun, and the landſcape tinted by its beams ; the Danube rolling at their feet, and their horſes grazing on its verdant banks ! The pencil of Salvator Roſa could alone do juſtice to the conception of the poet.

Agricultural.

(Continued from No. 3.)

The different kinds of oxen are in ſome meaſure ſuited to the ſoil.—Upon the Norfolk farm, which is a light ſoil, the Devonſhire ſort are uſed ; upon the Flemiſh farm, where the ſoil is ſtrong and heavy, the Herefordſhire ; and in the Park, where the buſineſs is carting, harrowing, and rolling, the Glamorganſhire : they are all excellent in their different ſtations.

It may not be improper to mention a very ſimple method which has been diſcovered, of firſt training them to the collar, which is nothing more than putting a broad ſtrap round their necks, and faſtening one end of a cord to it, and the other to a large clog of wood, and letting the ox draw it about as he feeds in his paſture, for three or four days, before he is put into harneſs, by which means he is very much brought forward in docility.

I have before obſerved, that twenty per cent. may be conſidered as the average profit of an ox ; ſtating them to be bought in at 10*l.* and allowing them to ſell for 25*l.* taking off 10*l.* for the two years they are not worked : but laſt year, beans being of little value, they were kept longer than uſual, by being ſtall fed with bean meal, which anſwered very well, as they were brought to an average of nearly 30*l.* and one of them, a Glamorganſhire ox, [originally bought for 8*l.* and

from his compact round make, always called the Little Ox, thrived to such a surprising degree, that he became too fat to be able to travel to Smithfield, and was therefore sold to Mr. Charlwood, a neighboring butcher, for 47*l*.

Next to the advantage obtained from oxen, as much benefit as possible has been endeavored to be derived from sheep, by means of the fold:—two ewe flocks are kept, of four hundred each: the soil being light and dry, admits of winter-folding, (except when the weather is wet) upon the young clover; a practice much to be recommended, as it is productive of a great crop of clover, and prepares the land the ensuing autumn for a crop of wheat, without any further assistance.—Another excellent practice is folding upon light land, in dry weather, immediately upon the sowing of the wheat, which may be put forward, or kept back, a fortnight or three weeks on that account; and it is not amiss to have the fold rather large, and to give the sheep a turn or two round the fold in a morning before they are let out, to tread and settle the land, which does a great deal of good, over and above their dung.

A third method of folding has been found to answer almost beyond description; this was first tried in the winter of 1793; but from an idea of the shepherd, that it injured the sheep, has been since disused: but as there was good reason to believe that there was no just ground for such an opinion, it is meant to be revived next winter.

A dry sheltered spot is selected, and sods of maiden earth, a foot deep, are laid over the space of a very large fold. It is then bedded thinly with rushes, leaves of trees, fern, moss, short straw, or stubble; and in hard or wet weather, the flock, instead of being penned upon the clover in the open fields, is put into this warmer fold, where the usual quantity of hay is given to them in racks; and every night they are so penned, the fold is fresh littered. When this has been continued, at intervals, during the winter, a layer of lime, chalk, rubble, or ashes, six inches thick, is spread over the whole surface---and when it has heated together, about the month of April, the whole is turned up, and mixed together, and makes the very best manure that can be used for turnips.

I have been particular in describing these methods of folding, as they are not common in any place, and in others entirely unknown, and to gentlemen who have parks and large plantations which afford abundance of leaves, this hint may be the more deserving attention.

Upon the Norfolk farm, the land not having been yet marled or clayed, the clover is apt sometimes to fail, which is also the case elsewhere, upon the same sort of land. When this happens, his majesty does what every person in a similar situation should do; instead of letting the ground remain unproductive, the next year it is sowed with vetches, which are nearly as valuable as the clover, and wheat always grows remarkably kind after them.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Humorous.

A ludicrous instance of the imitative powers of the ORAN OTAN, *from Bingley's Animal Biography.*

Pere Carbasson brought up an ORAN OTAN, which became so fond of him, that wherever he went it always seemed desirous of accompanying him; whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was always under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably caused to laugh. The father surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions; these the Ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer, retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct; and such was the arch demeanour of his animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

An Irishman going into a field, was desirous of drinking some water out of a deep well, and asked whether it was good. He was told yes, and that his parents had drank out of it. 'Aye,' said he what long necks they must have had!'

An Irish gentleman being in company with a number of ladies in the rooms at Bath, a little deformed Miss, who was of the party, was very severe on his country, and among other things, asked him how long he had left it? "Faith, Madam," replied he, "I am just come from Dublin to Bath."—"Sir," replied she, "then, considering how short a time you have been in this *more genial clime*, you must be very apt at learning, for you speak *tolerably plain English* already."—"Thank you, Madam said he, "may I ask from whence *you* came?"—"O yes, Sir," replied Miss, "I came *straight* from London."—"Did you indeed," added he, "then faith, Madam, *you must have been confoundedly warped by the way*; but I suppose the sun of *this more genial clime*, must have been burning hot."—"Hot as it is," replied she, "it has neither burnt up your Hibernian impudence, nor ripened your Irish wit."—"Faith, Madam," returned he, "that is rather harsh; I was in *hopes* that I could have checked your abuse of me and my country, but, upon my conscience, I see, that say what I will, *you are bent upon it.*"

A French gentleman once travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man who was walking along the road, and who begged the favour of him to put his great coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage. "With all my heart," said the gentleman, "but if we should not be traveling to the same place, how will you get your coat?"—"Monsieur," answered the man, with great naiveté, "*Je serai dedans*—I shall be in it."

Summary of Intelligence.

Europe.——Accounts from Europe, particularly from Spain, are so vague and contradictory, that little or no credit can he given to them. By the French Bulletins, it would appear that every thing is falling before the Imperial Standard of Napoleon: and from the accounts received from Spain and England, it would appear that the French have been beaten in almost every action since they entered Spain, and that the whole Spanish nation is formed and martialed into an host of heroes. Both sides claim the victory—and therefore we can place no more confidence in those accounts than in Gordon's History of the American Revolution.

All the recent arrivals from France, confirm the accounts of the ill treatment that the crews of American vessels receive from the French government. The only way they can save themselves from going to prison, is by entering on board the French ships of war.

It seems of late, that the civilized nations (as they are termed) have changed character with the Powers of Barbary; for while the potentates of Europe are issuing their orders and decrees, and by their impressments and imprisonments of American seamen, are endeavoring to destroy the trade and prosperity of the U. S. the lawless hordes of African plunderers cease to interrupt our commerce, and invite the appearance of our flag in their ports and harbours.

Domestic.——Nothing of consequence has lately occurred at home, except Pennsylvania having put herself in a posture of opposition to an act of the General Government, in the case of Olmstead.

P.S. The British sloop of war, Rosamond, arrived in Hampton Roads on the 3d inst. in 41 days from England, brings accounts of the total discomfiture of the Spanish Patriots, and the death of Generals Moore and Anstruther, and the British army having embarked for England.

MARRIAGES.

Married—On Thursday Evening the 23d ultimo, by the Rev'd. John D. Blair, Mr. *Anthony Street*, to Miss *Susan Goodall*, both of Hanover.

——On Monday 3d. inst. by the Rev'd. John D. Blair, *William Radford* Esq. A. at L. of Lynchburg, to the amiable Miss *Elizabeth Moseley* of Powhatan—Daughter of the late treasurer of this State.

—— At Raleigh, on Thursday the 30th ult. Mr. *William W. Seaton*, printer, to Miss *Sarah Gales*, daughter of Joseph Gales, Esq. Printer to the State of N. Carolina.

DEATHS.

Died, on Tuesday last, Captain *Elisha Price*, of this City.

——On the 23d ult. in Orange county, Mr. *John Madison*.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE VISITOR.

TO ELIZA L[illegible].

The ſcenes the painter Hope had drawn,
They all have fled, they all are gone,
And Fancy's viſions only glow
Beneath the horrent veil of wo.

Our manſion now exiſts no more,
Waſh'd by the verdure-border'd ſtream;
Nor waſte I there, with you, the ſtore
Of bliſs which gilds this vital dream.

Our garden's vaniſh'd! ev'ry flow'r
That open'd to the matin hour,
With tints to match the eaſtern ray,
And, e'en yourſelf, whoſe azure eyes
Have robb'd the vi'lets of their dyes,
Your breath has blown them all away;

But fare you well! tho' you are gone,
And Fancy's viſions only glow
Beneath the horrent veil of wo;
Yet time ſhall ſteal the veil away,
And Hope again, her pencil drawn,
Shall bid the ſtains of grief decay,
And on the glowing canvaſs raiſe,
As fair a ſcene, as ſweet a maid;
And ſay as I enraptur'd gaze—
"Theſe ſhall never, never, fade!"

I'll haſte to where the mountains blue
High tow'r amidſt the weſtern ſkies,
And there, ſome wild-wood nymph purſue,
Who'll dry my tears and calm my ſighs;
And when the breeze of ev'ning flies;
And twilight comes, all bath'd in dew,
We'll wander thro' the velvet vale,
And hear and tell the tender tale—
O! then I'll ceaſe to think of you!

J. Cabell

ADDRESSED TO MRS. [illegible].

When firſt thy waning form I view'd,
O'er which the duſt of years is ſtrew'd,
When I beheld thy pallid face
Diveſted of its youthful grace,
Thy locks, now ſilvered o'er with grey,
Where once young Cupids loved to play;
And met that eye, whoſe priſtine beam
No longer now emits a gleam,
With ill-judged haſte I ſought no more,
For charms perennial to explore.

But when I heard thy lively tone,
Altho' its melody was flown;
And found, howe'er thy youth was faded,
The charms that graced it were not ſhaded;
My mind, delighted by ſurpriſe,
Reverſed the judgment of my eyes.

And now, diſcerning by my ear,
Quite changed thy features all appear,
Gaiety peeps thro' every twinkle,
Good nature graces every wrinkle;
Admirers which thy bloom firſt gain'd,
Are by more laſting charms retain'd,
And all with friendſhip are inſpired,
By her, who all with love once fired. VILLIERS.

TO ELIZA.

In various ways kind nature gifts beſtows,
Some ladies boaſt the lily, ſome the roſe,
In ſprightlineſs of mand ſome ſtand confeſs'd,
And others are with winning manners bleſs'd;
The eyes of ſome enkindle Cupid's fire,
And like the muſes can our ſouls inſpire;
Others a mouth can boaſt, whoſe beauty vies
With hers who reigns the goddeſs of the ſkies;
A graceful form, a dignity of air;
Some may poſſeſs though only few can ſhare;
Their auburn locks ſome maidens value high,
To which they join a penetrating eye;
In ſtrokes of wit ſome ladies love to ſhine:
For which they think themſelves almoſt divine:
Let others boaſt their various charms, and prize
The lily, roſe, their manners, or their eyes,
Their ſprightlineſs of mind, their form or air,
Their mouth, their wit, or auburn locks of hair,—
In thee concentrated theſe beauties meet,
And many others which I can't repeat. MINIMUS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

For the benefit of thoſe who are unacquainted with the Gallic idiom, I take the liberty of offering you the following verſion of the beautiful little French poem which appeared in the third number of your paper. Though I am ſenſible that it is far inferior to the charming original, and but little adequate to give a correct idea of the elegant poetical diction of the author, yet, as it will at leaſt ſerve to convey his ſentiments, which ſhould be the firſt object of a tranſlator, I think I may venture to lay it before you. I have aſſiduouſly avoided the unpardonable fault of introducing my own ideas in the tranſlation, though the compreſſion of the author's ſtyle may have ſometimes obliged me to omit. His verſification, "toujours harmoneuſe, et libre ſans licence," *I found it impoſſible to equal, though I endeavoured to imitate.—But to equal a poem which, in the deſcription of rural nature, may bear compariſon with the Eclogues of Virgil, or the Idyls of Theocritus, is a merit to which I have not the preſumption to aſpire; I have therefore only attempted to follow and imitate, but* ſequor non paſſibus æquis. G.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM
ON RURAL PLEASURES.

BY L. H. G.

Ye happy children of the vernal glades,
Ne'er leave your peaceful, conſecrated ſhades!
Bleſt in thoſe ſcenes, where Pleaſure ever roves,
Seek not for happineſs beyond your groves:
There where the ſmiling loves in dalliance play,
Delight in infant innocence to ſtray,
And let thoſe trees, beneath whoſe ſhady bowers,
In tranquil peace ye paſs the fleeting hours,
Still when ye in duſt are humbly laid,
Your aſhes, with their ſombre verdure ſhade.
Are Cities aught but a deluſive ſhew,
Which promiſe happineſs but none beſtow?
If you the pampered ſons of cities view,
Are they more free from ſorrow's pangs than you?
Oh no!—for oft they ſeek your calm abodes,
Where baleful diſcord ne'er the heart corrodes.
Is all that pageantry which towns adorn
Worth e'en the radiant glories of the morn?
Your velvet meads, where Ceres ſtill is ſeen,
With bounteous hand, to ſpread eternal green?
The unaffected grace, and manners plain,
Which over rural life auſpicious reign,
Where find them elſe? 'Tis here and only here,
That Hymen's faithful, or that Love's ſincere.
Here Pleaſure, on your beds of roſes, ſmiles,
And purer joy the winged hours beguiles;
While health, the choiceſt gift that Heav'n beſtows,
Lends the bright glow that ſpeaks the mind's repoſe.

EPIGRAM.

Says a beau to a lady, Pray name if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handſomeſt man.
The lady replied, If you'd have me ſpeak true,
He's the handſomeſt man that's the moſt unlike you.

FOR THE VISITOR.

AN ELEGY.

Palemon once was blithe and gay,
Was free from life's perplexing cares,
And pleaſure lent its brighteſt ray
To gild with hope his future years.

Indulging oft bright Fancy's dream,
Each calm delight his boſom felt,
Unruffled as the limpid ſtream
Upon whoſe moſſy bank he dwelt.

On Nature's boundleſs charms to gaze
Among the flow'ry fields he ſtray'd,
Or trac'd the wand'ring ſtreamlet's maze
That round his cot meand'ring play'd.

Such charms the fleeting days beguil'd,
New raptures ever ſeem'd to flow,
Joy on the youth propitious ſmil'd
And chas'd away each cloud of wo.

Then gentle peace reign'd in his breaſt,
And pleaſure led the hours along,
And hope declar'd the ſoul's ſoft reſt,
His coming years would ſure prolong.

But ah! how ſwiftly fly the beams
That ſhine upon life's early morn!
How tranſient are the golden dreams
That play around young Fancy's dawn!

In ſearch of ſcientific wealth
Palemon left his his rural home,
The ſweet abode of Peace and Health,
Among the world's wide ſcenes to roam:

But better, with his former ſtore
The luckleſs youth at home had ſtaid,
For what can knowledge e'er beſtow
When pleaſure's glowing roſes fade?

Amid the world's gay buſtling crowds
His drooping life ſoon loſt its zeſt,
Affliction's gloomy, dark'ning clouds
Diſpell'd the "ſunſhine of his breaſt."

Midſt Faſhion's buſy throng he knew
The charming Laura, heav'nly maid!
No flower fairer ever grew
Nor bloſſom'd in the vernal glade.

As timid as the gentle dove
The lovely, blooming maid was ſeen,
Form'd to awake the tend'reſt love,
The captive heart at once to win.

Tho' train'd in Faſhion's giddy ſcenes,
She never knew that hated art
That oft the fair from virtue weans,
Too oft alas! corrupts the heart.

As ſpotleſs as all-ſacred truth
Her ſoul no "ſick'ning folly ſtain'd,"
And Nature, innocence and youth
In all her warm emotions reign'd.

Palemon's heart to Nature true,
Her gentle voice had e'er obey'd,
Ah could he then ſuch beauty view,
And be not by that beauty ſway'd?

Oh no! for ſoon his boſom felt
A tender, pure, refin'd deſire,
His ſoften'd heart was doom'd to melt
With love's imperiſhable fire.

But hapleſs is the youth decreed
By cruel Fortune's ſtern reſolve,
For ſome fair, gentle maid to bleed
Who never can return his love.

Such was the lot that Fate ordain'd,
For Laura fair, Palemon burn'd,
Love to her his heart had chain' d,
But ah! that love was not return'd.

He ſaw her ſoul-beſpeaking eye
With no kind ray his boſom cheer'd,
For him, ſhe heav'd no kindred ſigh,
Nor even breath'd a pitying word.

But ſtill the ſoft conſuming fire,
Increaſing, glow'd without control;
He felt her charms new love inſpire,
And throbbing tumults ſeize his ſoul.

Th' impaſſion'd youth would fain impart
His tender boſom's fervid heat,
But Laura's cold, relentleſs heart
With ſympathy refus'd to beat.

Deſpair uſurp'd his tortur'd mind,
His heart unpitying woes oppreſs'd,
Condemn'd no ſoothing peace to find,
For Hope had left his aching breaſt.

Now oft the youth is heard to ſigh,
His cheek has loſt its roſy bloom,
And languid ſeems his hollow eye
That tells his ſoul is wrapt in gloom.

And oft at midnight's ſolemn hour
He wanders to the ſhady grove,
Where buried in ſome wreathy bower
He yields himſelf to hopeleſs love.

Or ſteals along the lonely ſhore
Where ſtormy billows dreadful roll,
Whoſe mournful melancholy roar
Suits the ſad muſic of his ſoul.

His penſive thoughts now often ſtray'd
Among thoſe "fields belov'd in vain;"
Where once in Fortune's better day,
His careleſs childhood knew no pain.

His mounful Fancy loves to fly,
And linger round his native home,
And then he moans, with many a ſigh,
The fate that from it bade him roam.

But ſoon will ceaſe the vital flame,
His ſorrows all will ſhortly cloſe;
Soon life will leave its languid frame,
His woe-worn ſpirit find repoſe.

Then o'er his tomb will pity ſigh,
And plant the weeping willow near,
The penſive pilgrim paſſing by,
Will read this lay, and ſhed a tear.

THE EPITAPH.

Palemon lies beneath this ſtone,
Conſign'd to this cold bed of clay,
A tender youth, to fame unknown,
Whom death, untimely ſnatch'd away.

Sweet ſmiling Hope and "downy reſt,"
Breath'd o'er his dawn a "gay ſerene,"
And ſtill ſoft Peace had cheer'd his breaſt,
If he had never Laura ſeen.

He ſaw the maid, and Pleaſure fled,
For ſoon he felt the ardent flame,
That to this humble, clay-cold bed
Has bro't his weary, languid frame.

To warm her heart, in vain he ſtrove,
Tho' loving with a ſoul ſincere,
The victim of unhappy love,
Her cruel frowns have laid him here.

Learn, ye who love have never known,
By his ſad ſtory, learn to ſhun,
The fatal path where thouſands mourn;
The path where thouſands are undone,

G.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LYNCH & SOUTHGATE,
CORNER OF HARRIS'S BUILDING.